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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rambles in the South of Ireland, during the Year 1838. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley. This is a charming book. Before we have been engaged with it ten minutes, we feel as if we had got into refined and intellectual company, and confidently anticipate that the better we become acquainted, the more agreeable and pleasant we shall find it. Nor is the hope disappointed. The ease and nature of good breeding and society gradually develope in picturesque description, interesting observations on life and manners, amusing anecdote, legendary lore, just feeling, and sound common sense. With every generous sympathy enlisted on the side of the people amongst whom she *rambled*, Lady Chatterton is not blind to their defects; and her remarks on every Irish subject seem to us to be peculiarly unprejudiced and impartial. This is a valuable quality in a work upon that country; and though we shall rather address ourselves to its lighter features, we will commence our illustrations with a selection applicable to the point in question. After dwelling with much gratification on the kindness of heart and other good dispositions of the natives, Lady C. says:—

"It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think that a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland, if such can be obtained, would prove that fashion is wrong. That some of its misery originated in its imperfect conquest by England is most certain; that this misery was increased by the Union, is a question I have frequently heard discussed; but no woman ought to be a politician, for she is sure to judge by the heart, not by the head. Therefore,

without entering upon often-debated ground, I will venture to assert that, in my opinion, it forms, volcano-like, the fire within itself; and thus, from the strange character of its people, the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both sides—so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor Ireland. There are faults everywhere. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, landowners, and peasants, high and low, rich and poor, are all more violent, more full of party spirit,—in short, more angry, than in any other country. It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants; and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. Even strangers are sure to lose their sober-mindedness after a few months' residence, and to become most violent partisans. This sort of infatuation, which, to use the words of an old writer, often makes an Englishman more Irish than the Irish themselves; which comes over every resident among this strange people, creates that extreme difficulty of ascertaining truth, which

has always been so wonderful. Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately hooked into some party; and unless he possess a most independent mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of every thing according to the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. This is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are in circulation as to the state of Ireland. Common sense, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on every thing that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin; in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer—in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak, her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat, which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways. The cause of this remarkable want of sense will be more difficult to find out, than the effect it has on Ireland. Perhaps the Irish are sprung from some wandering tribe; perhaps—a true to speculation: let me confine myself to facts."

This extract will sufficiently bear out the truth of our remark; and we pass from it to some of the other pleasing characteristics of these entertaining pages.

"In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling. How strange it is that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves, and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved. But they are generally happy; therefore, why wish to alter their state? They find additional clothing an encumbrance. How often have I heard them say, their Sunday dress gave them cold! and the first illness our old gate-woman ever had, was occasioned by her wearing a pair of shoes and stockings! A poor family were in what we considered a most miserable condition: at Christmas, by way of making them comfortable, we had given to each individual a nice suit of clothes: the consequence was, they were all laid up with bad feverish colds! Since this, I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way. And the more we see of the world, the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness;—that it springs entirely from the mind within, the Irish are living and laughing proofs. As I said before, what surprises me is, that a country where all are clever, shrewd, and intelligent, should not have produced more

characters of celebrity. The only reason I can discover for this is, that perhaps when talent is so common, it is but little valued; and a man who in another country would be considered quite a prodigy, is here raised so little above the common standard, that he knows not his own worth, and therefore does not take any pains to improve his natural abilities."

An account of Dingle may be quoted as an example of another kind:—

"*Dingle.*—I have been told many whimsical stories about this very primitive place; among other strange matters, that, in a population of five thousand, there was not to be found one regularly bred M.D., or practising attorney. 'Happy people,' exclaimed the gentleman to whom I am indebted for this piece of information; 'Happy people!' and he then inquired, being a stranger like myself, 'Pray, what do the inhabitants of Dingle do, in case of serious indisposition?' The reply was, 'Oh we have an excellent apothecary here; and when he sees much danger, why he sends to Tralee for help—and so most of the people, you see, die easy, without troubling the doctor.' Thus satisfied as to the state of medical practice in this ancient town, he proceeded to inquire about its form of government, whether by a corporation, or a single county magistrate, &c. To this his friend rejoined, with some warmth—'Our town, sir, governed by a county magistrate?—not it, indeed! We have a corporation, a sovereign, a deputy sovereign, and various other officers. Our court possesses great powers. We could confine you, sir, in our prison for ten pounds; and let you out on the insolvent act, without giving you the trouble of going to Dublin.' 'Your powers are very great indeed, sir,' observed the visitor of Dingle; 'but I hope your sovereign will not have an opportunity of extending his kindness to me.' 'If he had,' was the answer, 'our sovereign, with that warmth of feeling and good nature, so characteristic of his townsmen, would visit you in prison—he would entertain you there, and he would drown your sorrows in mountain dew.' 'Your court, sir, having so much power,' said the stranger, 'must occasion many trials of great moment to be held in it; and of course you have a number of those ingenious gentlemen commonly called attorneys, residing in your town.' 'Attorneys! attorneys!' exclaimed the indignant inhabitant of Dingle. 'No attorneys, sir—not an attorney—thank goodness, we have not one nearer than Tralee; and that is two-and-twenty long miles from us, the shortest way, and a hilly road.' 'But suppose,' continued the pertinacious stranger, 'that a point of law occurred in one of the cases that came before your court; what would you do then, without legal advice to expound and unravel the matter?' 'Do, sir?—Law, sir?' repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright.—'Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us; and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy.'

'But what would you do, if any person brought an

attorney these twenty-two long miles, and hilly road, and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?" "I'll tell you what I did myself," was the answer to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month. God save the king!' said the crier, and then I left them all; and I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this, no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us."

After describing a curious ancient cell at Gollerus, Lady Chatterton tells us a nice traditional story:—

"A boy once clambered to the top of this holy cell, and stole the bell-stone, which he carried away with him, for some good or bad reason, now forgotten. But he had scarcely reached the village with it, when, to his horror, he found himself beginning gradually to swell all over like an inflating balloon; for which strange and awful phenomenon no explanation could be given, except that the guardian spirit of the place had punished him in this terrific manner for his depredation upon the property of the church. What to do to appease the anger of the supernatural protector of the bell-stone, or to propitiate it, puzzled the poor boy and the terrified villagers. He soon became too large to get out through the door of his cabin, and still went on increasing; swelling bigger and bigger, until at last it appeared probable that he would have grown as big as the little chapel itself; and then most probably have died of repletion. Happily this sad fate was prevented by plan to which his mother had recourse, after her unfortunate son had, by gradual swelling, nearly come to that extraordinary size that he must have either pushed out the walls of his cabin, or have squeezed all its inmates to death against them, or have burst asunder himself. Before he had quite arrived at these dimensions, his distracted mother suddenly thought that, by restoring the charmed stone to its original position, her son might possibly appease the offended being by whom he was punished in this dreadful manner. The stone was accordingly conveyed back to the church, and in one moment the boy found himself restored to his natural dimensions,—thus escaping, by the happy thought of his mother, the awful fate which threatened him. Where this stone now is, no one knows; it has either been taken away by the presiding spirit, or otherwise disposed of. But certain it is, that all the people of the district believe the story, as I heard it, to be quite true, and would sooner pick a hole in their own cabins than take one stone from this holy cell, which is under such powerful and mysterious guardianship."

These traditions are very captivating, and we are tempted by another, a legend of Owen-na-fahdee, a circular building, not unlike an old well:—

"Once on a time, one Nick Saddler, a na-

tive of this part of the country, who was a soldier in a regiment that happened to be quartered at Dingle, dreamed one night, that beneath a certain stone, near to this round building, with a hole in it, there was a treasure of thousands of gold coins, locked up snug in a box, several feet below the ground; and that if he went there, on a certain day, and at a certain time, he would find it. Well, the day came, and away went Nick Saddler, till he arrived at the field, where he was much surprised to find several people digging, and picking up the stones that were turned up close by the very spot which he had seen in his dream; but Nick was not the sort of fellow to be daunted by a small matter of a trifle; so, as he saw little chance of getting rid of the people that had gathered there, by telling them to go away fair and easy, and with a thank'ee, so what does Nick do, but, as well became him, he pulled off his coat, and put the back of it before, and buttoning it tight behind, like Paddy from Cork, he began hooting and yelling, and dancing about the field like mad; and sure enough, as 'twas in the time of the dog-days, 'twas mad that all the people thought he was, by his gambols; and they began to feel terrified, and one after the other took to their legs, cutting away without once looking back, for the fear of mad Nick Saddler; and leaving their spades, crowbars, and pickaxes behind them. Nick laughed at the fun, which pleased him mighty, when he saw them right and left taking to all points of the compass, like quarry stones blasted by gunpowder. And when he thought every one was far enough away not to observe him, he went to work without delay upon the spot that he had dreamed about. Nick soon dug a very deep hole—but as digging was new work to him, he soon began to be tired; after pulling off his coat, and putting it on the right way, and pulling it off again, at last, he began to get out of heart with his job, and was about giving it over for good and all; when what should he turn up, but a great lump of earth with his spade! and what should roll out of it but a great jack-boot! Well, the next lift of the spade brought up another jack-boot. Nick stood fairly bothered—he did not know whether to be disappointed or not; for expecting to find the thousands of gold coins he had dreamed about, and to turn up nothing but an old pair of jack-boots—that maybe wasn't a pair—was certainly not what he expected according to his dream; but sure every body knows that a little luck is better than no luck at all; so stepping aside, Nick deliberately set to work at trying on the boots, not knowing but that they might fit him, and then again he began his digging. After a little work, he dug up a fine new bridle; and as well becomes Nick, not satisfied with his luck, he went on digging lower and lower, for the gold coins that he had dreamed about by the thousands; till, with one powerful dip of his spade, he suddenly raised a great stone, which had closed up the mouth of a cavern that was quite light inside, from a pair of candles that were burning on a square table. At this table a cat and a greyhound were sitting, playing at points. 'Hallo!' says Puss, 'who's there?' 'Only me,' says Nick. 'And who's me?' says the Greyhound. 'Why, Nick Saddler to be sure, and who else?' 'Ah ha!' says the dog, answering him; 'and what do you want, Nick?' 'Want ye puppy!' says Nick, 'I want the gold.' 'Nick, you're a rascal,' says Puss. 'Well now, I never heard a cat say that before,' observed Nick—so striking a blow at the

cat with the bit-end of the bridle, he gave one great spring, and jumped out of the cave, with both Pussy and Greyhound after him, and away with him down the hill as hard as his legs could carry him, and they following him, and he with the old jack-boots. Where Nick Saddler went to, or what became of him after that, is not rightly known; but 'tis commonly said that if people were to dig deep enough near this round building with the hole in it, they would assuredly find the cave that the dog and cat are sitting in, guarding the gold; and sure 'tis a quare pair of sentries, whoever put it there, they fixed upon to take care of it; though they didn't let Nick Saddler get at it, and 'tis hard to say who will have the luck of it, though many's the man that is wanting the same this blessed day."

Another illustration of these Kerry superstitions occurs near Darrynane, as related by the piper of that place, but we must retain it for a while.

Intermingled with such interesting relations as these, Lady Chatterton, both with pen and pencil, gives us much information in regard to Irish antiquities, and particular pagan remains of the darkest date, and Ogham inscriptions equally dark. The lithographic sketches are very pretty; and never was antiquarian research rendered less dry by taste and fancy, than in her ladyship's narrative. But we must conclude; and have two or three slight anecdotes in store to make "a good ending," which if we did not do, we should make one quite inconsistent with the genius of the work:—

An Irish boy.—"My father was looking over the labourers' book as usual, to see what work had been done in his absence. All the people were marked as regular in their attendance, with one exception—that of a young lad named Carroll, opposite whose name the ominous word 'absent' invariably appeared. Now this Carroll has been always a notorious scamp, whom my father was advised long since to 'send to sea,' as the only vocation for one of his incorrigibly wild and unsteady habits. He is the most cynical-looking urchin you ever saw; with a face of irresistible drollery and shrewdness, and a pair of eyes as sharp and bright as a rat's. 'What could he be about, to keep him so long away from the work? — perhaps he staid at home to dig out his own potatoes?' 'No—the never a potato he dug, good nor bad; his mother had to do 'em with her own hands, while he was away on his tricks about the country.' 'Drinking, very probably,' said one. 'Ah, I never thought he would come to any good,' said another. All joined in deplored the depravity of so young an offender. A few days after, the truth came out,—and what do you think it was that kept Mister Patrick, commonly called Patsey Carroll, away from his work and his potato-garden? — learning the flute! We called at the cabin of the delinquent's mother soon after this. 'Terrible news about Patsey, Mrs. Carroll!' I said, looking very solemn. 'Oh then, you may well say that, miss,' she exclaimed, with a face full of tribulation;—"I don't know what I'll do with him, at all, at all. Sure I'm afraid he's past advice or mending now entirely, since he's taken to the music—bad luck to it! Here's the thing that's putting him astray," she added, taking down an old flute from the dresser; "only 'tis borrowed one, I'd put it behind the fire, so I would, for all the holes that's in it, and the black rings round about it," she continued, holding out the obnoxious instrument with a look of such ludicrous spite, that I was obliged to bite my lips to avoid laughing out-

right. ‘And ‘tisn’t to play tunes like any other Christian he does be doing,’ she continued; ‘only he must have notes wrote down before him on a paper, just like a reading book. He’d sooner, now, part with a bit of his heart than that old flute; and he thinks more of the music he gets out of them little holes than of his breakfast, dinner, or supper. I’m afraid I’ll never get any good out of him. But,’ said the poor woman, trying to console herself under her misfortunes, while the mother broke out in spite of her wrath,—‘maybe ‘tis better than drinking or fighting, any way; and who knows but he’ll repent yet?’”

There follows a touching tale:—

“When we left Mrs. Carroll and the flute, we went into the next cabin, to visit a young woman who had lost her mother-in-law during our absence. We found her and her children in great poverty, and with scarcely any clothes to cover them. ‘How comes it that you are in such rags?’ we inquired; ‘what has become of all the good clothes that were given to the old woman shortly before she died?’ ‘I never touched one of them,’ answered the poor creature; ‘I gave ‘em away, flannels and all, to poor people, for the good of her soul, the very week she left me.’ I cannot tell you, my dear G.—, how touching was the beautiful though mistaken piety of this poor woman. There she stood, shivering under the piercing blast of a bitter winter’s day; and as I looked at her, and saw the sacrifice she had made, in giving away her mother’s clothes, ‘for the good of her soul,’ it was not without a pang of shame at my own luxurious self-indulgence. When had I foregone ease or convenience for the good of a fellow-creature’s soul?”

One more, equally honourable to the Irish character, and we have done:—

“I heard to-day an anecdote of the worthy rector of Adrigoil, a place which, even without this anecdote, was interesting to us. This excellent man, during the period when the payment of tithes had ceased altogether, had been in consequence so straitened in circumstances, that his wardrobe was in a very threadbare state. At last, with great difficulty, he contrived to get together four pounds, and with this sum he one morning started for Bantry, to make a purchase of a new suit, which was absolutely necessary for the respectability of his appearance; however, it was destined that he and his worn-out companions were not so soon to part, for, on his way, he met a parishioner in great distress, threatened with arrest and total ruin. The sum required was exactly that which the poor rector had provided for his suit, but he gave his parishioner the money, and returned home in the evening with his shabby coat; but with the enviable feelings an act like this must inspire.”

Apropos, however, at this part we have a remarkable literary anecdote, from a Mr. Davy, whom the author encountered near Adrigoil:—

“Mr. Davy (she states) is still a young man,—about thirty, but has travelled a great deal, in all parts of the world. He was of Colonel Chesney’s expedition, and, it would seem, is of opinion that the Euphrates, owing chiefly to freshes in the river, can never become a regular passage to India. He has been recently in the service of Mahomet Ali Pacha, and served with Ibrahim in Syria. Mr. Davy lived two years at Damascus; by his account, the Egyptians cannot retain Syria. He seems to have been admitted a good deal into the confidence of Ibrahim; an intelligent man like Davy must have been a valuable acquisition to

so inquiring a mind as the pacha appears to possess. ‘PICKWICK’ happened to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, and he read a part of it for the pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was on one occasion summoned to him in the middle of the night to finish the reading of some part, in which they had been interrupted. The extended popularity of ‘PICKWICK’ is certainly without parallel in English literature. Mr. Davy mentioned his having read in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasies with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.”

England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a Series of original Letters never before printed, with Historical Introductions and Biographical and Critical Notes.
By P. Fraser Tytler, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Our opinion of works like the present has been so often recorded, that it would be worse than useless to repeat or insist upon it. They are the corrections of the Romance and the Philosophy of History; the former being an idle imagination, and the latter an unreal dream. But when one is enabled to put their finger here and there upon undoubted facts, and say, like Master Froth, “here be truths,” the fanciful chimera vanishes, and the unsubstantial vision fades away. Thus great events come to be sifted to their original causes; and even the collection of very slight and minute details which can be depended upon leads us to right conclusions on their compounded consequences and mingled effects.

Of so valuable a character is the work before us, wherein Mr. Tytler has, with his usual industry and judgment, brought together a mass of information which throws a curious light upon the English history of a very remarkable period. But he himself describes his task so distinctly, that we may copy his words for our introduction. Speaking of the State Paper Office, whence his materials are chiefly drawn, he says:—

“So important, indeed, are these stores, and yet so little are they known or appreciated, that the author believes he does not overstate the fact when he asserts that no perfect History of England, either civil, ecclesiastical, or constitutional, can be written till this collection is made accessible by catalogues to men of letters. But leaving this subject, upon which he will never cease to hope that something may at last be effected by the country, it occurred to him that an experiment might be made by printing a selection of such letters as illustrated a small portion of European history, and making an attempt to present them to the public in a more popular form than has yet been done. * * * Hitherto all the ‘Collections of Original Letters’ with which he is acquainted, valuable as they have undoubtedly been to the historian and the antiquary, have possessed few attractions for the general reader; and the reason seems obvious. They presuppose in any one who takes up the book a full acquaintance with the history of the period which they illustrate, a familiarity with an ancient and repulsive orthography, and an intimate knowledge of the lives and characters of the personages by whom and to whom they are written. Is it too much to say that these qualifications are rarely pos-

sessed,—that even the best-informed reader will often find himself at fault? With a view to obviate such objections, the present work has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions; slight biographical sketches are given of those illustrious statesmen and scholars who pass in review before us; and occasional critical discussions are introduced where the letters were calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of English history, or supplied unknown or important facts in the lives of eminent men. Lastly, it has been judged right to render these letters intelligible to general as well as antiquarian readers, by abandoning the ancient mode of spelling.”

Our author proceeds to divide his work into convenient epochs; the first commencing with the death of Henry VIII. and descending to the overthrow of the Protector Somerset, viz. 1546, 7, 8, and 9. At the very outset, we perceive the singular nature of these revelations; and when we learn that the death of the king was concealed nearly three days, till those who succeeded to his authority and the custody of his young son had matured their plans, we feel that we are indeed raising the curtain on strange and hitherto unknown circumstances.

“Henry the Eighth died at Westminster, on Friday, the 28th of January, 1546-7, at two o’clock in the morning. Parliament was then sitting; but the king’s death was kept secret for nearly three days. On Monday, the 31st of January, the Commons were sent for to the House of Lords; and the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley acquainted them with the melancholy event, scarcely able to speak from tears. He then requested Sir William Paget, secretary of state, to read to the parliament such parts of the late king’s will as related to the succession, and the system by which the realm was to be governed during the minority of his son; and on the same day, Edward the Sixth was proclaimed and conducted to the Tower of London. The parliament was then declared to be dissolved by the death of the sovereign; and the members were licensed to depart, except the peers, whose duty it was to be present at the coronation. The two following letters, the first from the Earl of Hertford, shortly afterwards created Duke of Somerset, to Sir William Paget, the second from the same nobleman to the council, are valuable, because they contain some account of what took place in the obscure interval between the king’s death and the public notification of that event by the chancellor,—a portion of secret history not to be found elsewhere. Even the MS. Council-books of Edward the Sixth do not commence till the 31st Jan., being the Monday after the king’s death. It will be observed, that the first letter is written between three and four in the morning of the 29th January, little more than twenty-four hours after Henry expired.

“The Earl of Hertford to Sir Wm. Paget.

“Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 29 Jan. 1546-7.

“This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published; for divers respects I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime I think it sufficient, when ye publish the king’s death, in the places and times as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to shew that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and

who be councillors; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning at the parliament house; and in the meantime we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the Tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein; and so I bid you heartily farewell. From Hertford, the 29th of January between three and four in the morning. Your assured loving friend,

"E. HERTFORD."

"I have sent you the key of the will."

"Endorsed. 'To my Right loving Friend, Sir William Paget, one of the King's Majesties Two Principal Secretaries.'

"Haste, post haste, Haste with all diligence, For thy life. For thy life."

"Edward the Sixth, at the moment of his father's death, was at Hertford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. Immediately after the event his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, hastened to this place, from whence they conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, and there they first declared to him and the Lady Elizabeth the death of Henry their father. Both of them heard the intelligence with tears. 'Never,' says Hayward, 'was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow, than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces.' The following letter is written by the Earl of Hertford from Enfield.

The Earl of Hertford to the Council.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. January 30th, 1546-7.

"Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein. For answer thereto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can shew no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that hath more need thereof than he. We do very well like your device for the matter; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same. We intend the king's majesty shall be a horseback-to-morrow by eleven of the clock, so that by three we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done ye send some express person for the same. And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell. From Enwilde (Enfield) this Sunday night, at eleven of the clock. Your good lordship's assured loving friends,

"E. HERTFORD."

"ANTHONY BROWNE."

"Short as are these two letters, they furnish us with some important facts, which are new to English history, and throw light on what may be justly called the salient points in the policy of Hertford and his party—their proceedings in the interval between the king's death and its being communicated to parliament. It has been observed by Sir James Mackintosh, that, in our own time, the delay of three days before taking any formal steps relating to the demise of the sovereign, would be censured as a daring pre-

sumption; but neither this writer, nor any of our historians who had before, or who have since treated of this reign, were aware how far more daring was the conduct of Hertford and his associates than the mere concealment of Henry's death. Their leader had the will in his private keeping. This is proved by the emphatic postscript, 'I have sent you the key of the will.' And the fact increases the suspicion which hangs over this extraordinary document. They opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with the late king's death; they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hertford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged; and when parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made. It is worthy of remark, also, that Hertford, although still bearing no higher rank than one of the executors of the late king, is consulted by them as their superior, and already assumes the tone and authority of protector; another proof that all had been privately arranged amongst them."

This is a fair example of our author's labours; and throughout the whole, he fills up many blanks which the preceding researches of Strype, Haynes, Carte, Burnett, Sir H. Ellis, and others, had left in the secret history of this period. Among the rest, we have some very interesting particulars of the entrance into life of the famous Lord Burleigh. Thus we are told:—

"The following letter from Lady Browne, written in July 1547, not six months after the accession of Edward the Sixth, proves that Cecil was then in some situation of confidence and power under the Protector Somerset. The author of his life in the 'Biographia Britannica' (the best critical account of him yet written, though too indiscriminate in its praise), imagines that he was Master of Requests as early as 1547; but to this office he certainly was not promoted till much later. This clearly appears from the letters addressed to him which I have seen in the State Paper Office; and from the same source it is evident, that in 1547 he managed the whole correspondence of the protector; probably, in the capacity of his private secretary. The letter of Lady Browne, at all events, establishes a fact, not before known in the life of Burleigh—that, at the age of twenty-seven, he had embraced the service of the Duke of Somerset, and was not only a statesman, but in a place of high trust and influence. It is pleasant to find a letter, apparently immaterial, throwing light upon the early life of so remarkable a man."

The Lady Browne to Cecil.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 23rd July, 1547.

"Gentle Mr. Syssyll.—After most hearty commendations. This shall be to render you most hearty thanks, for your gentleness shewed unto me at all times. Further, it may be to certify unto you, that I have unto my lord protector's grace a letter, in the which I am an humble suitor to the same his grace, for as much as I understand, his grace doth appoint certain gentlemen and others to go into Scotland to serve the king's majesty there, that it will please his grace to accept and appoint my brother to be one also amongst them. And supposing his grace not to know my brother, I shall desire you to prefer his suit, and that by your means he may deliver my said letter to my lord's grace; and for your gentleness herein, I

shall reckon myself, as I am indeed, much beholden unto you. Thus always ready to trouble you, I will desire you to have me commended unto your good bedfellow, and so bid you most heartily to farewell. From Horsley, this Saint James's day. By your assured to my little power,

"ELIZABETH BROWNE."

"Endorsed. 'To my friend Mr. Syssyll be these delivered.'"

A letter from Wotton, our ambassador at France (April 16th, 1548), leads to a remarkable historical fact, thus stated by Mr. Tytler:

"Henry the Second about this time incurred great odium for his project of creating a diversion in his favour, during his wars with the emperor, by bringing in the Turks upon Christendom: his object being to keep Ferdinand employed at home in defending his dominions against the infidels, and thus prevent him from assisting Charles the Fifth. It was this conduct which drew from Sir John Mason the pithy remark, that if the devil were to be had as an ally, Henry would not scruple to entertain him; and it is to this that Wotton alludes in the following extract from one of his letters to the protector and council. It proves also, that the French intrigues with the sultan commenced at much earlier period than is assigned to them by Sismondi, the latest French historian."

The political position and hostilities of the Protector Somerset, and his brother, the lord high admiral, Seymour, are significantly illustrated in these pages, and Mr. T. relates:—

"In these designs to supplant his brother, Lord Seymour was assisted by John Fowler, one of the gentlemen of Edward's privy chamber. The following letter from Fowler to the lord admiral shews how artfully and successfully they worked:—

"John Fowler to my Lord High Admiral.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 19th July, 1548.

"I most humbly thank your lordship for your letter dated the 15th of this present, which letter I shewed to the king's majesty: and whereas, in my last letter to your lordship, I wrote unto you, if his grace could get any spare time, his grace would write a letter to the queen's grace, and to you; his highness desires your lordship to pardon him, for his grace is not half a quarter of an hour alone: but such leisure as his grace had, his majesty has written, here inclosed, his recommendations to the queen's grace and to your lordship, that he is so much bound to you, that he must needs remember you always; and, as his grace may have time, you shall well perceive by such small lines of recommendations with his own hand. News I have none to write to your lordship, but that we have good hope that Haddington shall be able to bide this great brunt. The king's majesty looks every hour for good news; for, as they come, my lord's grace sends the letters to the king's majesty. My Lady of Somerset is brought to bed of a goodly boy, thanks be to God; and I trust in Almighty God the queen's grace shall have another. The king's majesty shall christen my lord's grace's son. I cannot tell your lordship whether his grace shall go to Shene himself or not, for as yet the child is unchristened. I must, among other news, declare unto your lordship, that my lord protector's grace is so good lord unto me, that his grace hath given me the keeping either of the great park of Petworth, or else of Wellawinton,

* It is curious to observe, how little regard was paid to the spelling of names in those days. In this volume the name of Cecil is written by his most intimate friends, in no fewer than ten different ways: Cycles, Syssyll, Cecil, Cicil, Cecile, Cyssell, Cycill, Cycle, Sicile, Cicil, And Lady Jane Grey, of unfortunate memory, signs herself Jane Graye.

whether I will choose ; and, Monday next, I intend, God willing, to go into Sussex and see them. I desire your lordship, when you send me any letters, let them be delivered to myself ; trusting, also, your lordship will provide, that this shall tell no more tales after your reading ; for now I write at length to your lordship, because I am promised of a trusty messenger. And thus I commit your lordship to Almighty God, who preserve your lordship with the queen's grace, and all yours, to his pleasure ! Written in haste, at Hampton Court, this 19th of July. Your lordship's most bounden,

" JOHN FOWLER."

" I had forgotten to declare to your lordship concerning the money your lordship would my friend should have : when he has need, I shall be bold to send."

" The ' small lines of recommendations,' written with the king's own hand, are enclosed in this letter of Fowler's. They are as follows :

" My lord. Send me for Latimer as much as ye think good, and deliver it to Fowler.

" EDWARD."

" To my Lord Admiral."

" The second is, if possible, still more laconic.

" My lord. I thank you, and pray you to have me recommended to the queen.'

" The minute, torn, and shabby scraps of paper on which these royal notes are written, seem to indicate the haste and secrecy which Edward was obliged to use."*

[To be continued.]

Charles Tyrrell; or, the Bitter Blood. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darnley," &c. 12mo. pp. 717. London, 1839.

THE only objection we can have to this novel is its novel form, which is certainly inconvenient, and will not, we hope, pass into a precedent. A volume of above seven hundred pages is unhandy, and one of the delights of light reading certainly consists in the ease with which one can turn over the well-printed pages on clear paper in a neat shape.

But, leaving externals, we have to speak of *Charles Tyrrell* as a work of fiction from a pen equally prolific and popular. Had the author had before him the melancholy catastrophe which has lately painfully occupied the public attention, with the untimely death of one amiable youth, and the unhappy condemnation as a felon of another, he could not more forcibly and emphatically have illustrated the peril of giving way to passionate temper than he has done in this history of "Bitter Blood." The Tyrrell, like the Medhurst family, yields terrible examples of this fatal error ; and a moral lesson fraught with more useful inculcation, while it is wrought up with admirable skill and deep interest, has seldom been presented to the reading world. The characters are drawn with a fine insight into human nature ; and yet, in several instances, stamped with an originality which shews the high creative, as well as the descriptive powers of the writer. The plot thickens to the close, and the dénouement is unexpected and striking. What more could we require in a tale of fiction ? Here we have feeling, style, reflectiveness,

* " There are strange contradictions in Mr. Lodge's Lives or Characters of two persons so intimately connected as Queen Catherine Parr, and her husband, the Admiral. In the queen's life, he doubts whether she was ever delivered at all. ' It has been commonly asserted,' says he, ' that she died in childbirth : ' a report which, according to the fact, that she had been childless in three previous marriages, might reasonably be doubted. In the admiral's life he states, without the slightest reference to his unreasonable scepticism, a few pages back, ' Lord Seymour was never married but to Catherine Parr, who bore him an only daughter, Mary, born in Sept. 1548.' "

incident, verisimilitude, touches of humour, and an excellent and instructive finale ! That we may, in our notice, illustrate some of these attractive qualities without making inroad into those secrets which would partially rob the story of its zest is rather a difficulty, and must, at all events, shorten our extracts ; we select, as a commencement, the account of the fated race of Tyrrell :—

The father of Sir Francis Tyrrell had differed very little from his ancestors. He had been a bold, fearless, overbearing, and tyrannical man ; a soldier in his youth, a fox-hunter in his latter days ; a despot in his magisterial capacity, an irritating neighbour, and an insufferable master of his house. He had been a very handsome man without ; and, in order to prove his disregard for personal beauty, he had married a young lady of the neighbourhood of considerable fortune, but who certainly possessed few personal attractions. As a girl, she had been silent, calm, unobtrusive, apparently thoughtful ; in person, little, dark, pale, with small keen black eyes, and a somewhat pointed nose. Her voice had been sharp, but not very musical ; and there was something in her whole demeanour which made the old clergyman of the parish, who had known her from her youth, and who was, moreover, somewhat waggishly disposed, declare, when he heard of the marriage about to take place, that he was excessively glad of it, for that she was just the wife for Sir John Tyrrell. When they were once fairly married, more of the lady's character appeared ; not that she ever became more loquacious or loud-tongued than she had been before ; but Sir John very soon found that she had always ready for any of his furious breakings forth of passion a calm, quiet, stinging reply, in which she seemed to combine with diabolical ingenuity every thing that was most disagreeable for him to hear, and to compress it into the fewest possible words. She had a particular art, too, of modulating her voice, so that in the midst of one of his most furious and noisy fits of rage, her low quiet tones made themselves distinctly heard, and not one biting word was lost to his ear. Sir John was not a man to be frustrated even by this sort of warfare, and he carried it on with his lady through the whole of his life ; but he was a candid man, and used occasionally to acknowledge that his furious speeches and behaviour, compared with the quiet words and demeanour of his wife, were as a drumming with a crab-stick to a cut with a sithe. The offspring of this hopeful union was Sir Francis Tyrrell, and well might his biographer declare that he combined in his own person all the virtues and qualities of his father and his mother : for, to an ungovernable temper, such as had descended to him from his ancestors, he added a sarcastic bitterness peculiarly his own.

" His family were totally without what the phrenologists call the organ of veneration. They had little respect for any thing, and set out with having no respect for themselves. This they concealed in their own case, of course, as far as possible ; but this want of respect never failed to make itself manifest both in words and deeds, when it referred to any member of their own family. Thus, Sir Francis was heard to declare that his father was one of the greatest fools that ever lived, and, on being asked why, replied, ' For marrying my mother.' ' A man puts a lemon to a bottle of spirits,' he said, ' and people call him a sensible fellow, and go to drink punch with

him ; but if a man were to eat a whole lemon, plain people would say he was mad.' Again, on the occasion of his own marriage, he set out upon the principle of finding somebody the direct reverse of her who had been chosen by his father, declaring that he looked upon it as a duty to his children. Such an event, he said, as the marriage of his father and mother was sufficient to serve ten generations, and that he would do his best to dilute the quintessence of bitterness which had been hence produced. He chose, accordingly, a young lady from a distant part of the country, possessed of little or no fortune, of a gay and happy disposition ; who had been brought up in great subjection to the will of parents that were really kind to her, and who had a fund of gentle and kindly feelings and good principles, but who was somewhat imprudent and incautious of speech, and of a timid as well as of an affectionate nature. From the first sight of Sir Francis Tyrrell, she had rather disliked him than otherwise. He had gained a little by attention upon her good graces, and upon her esteem by some philanthropic doctrines which he put forth ; with no desire, indeed, of deceiving her or others, but solely because they were theories for which he had a fondness, and in which his vanity was concerned. His progress in her favour, however, had not arrived beyond the dangerous point of indifference, when he proposed himself to her parents as her future husband. She shrank from the very idea ; but he was wealthy, bore a fair reputation, had, indeed, acquired a high character as a man of honour and integrity, and her parents pressed her so urgently to accept him, that she who was accustomed to yield to them in all things, yielded to them in this also, and she became the wife of a man that she did not love."

One of the principal persons who figure as a friend in this domestic circle is a Mr. Driesen, very cleverly drawn and original, from whom we shall endeavour to extract a few passages that may be understood by themselves without trenching on the plot :—

" I defy him to spoil the case of my good friend, Charles, who is as certain of being acquitted as I am of living till to-morrow morning, which I'm sure I hope I shall do, as I have no less than seven letters to write, some upon business, which might be put off very well upon the eve of a journey to the other world ; but some mere letters of politeness, and the good folks would think me rude if I were to go without writing to them." As he ended, he whistled two or three bars of an air, and then suddenly turning to Mrs. Effingham and seeming to recollect himself, he said, ' I beg pardon, my dear lady, for presuming to whistle in your presence ; but that whistling illibullero is a bad trick, which I caught of my uncle Toby. I always do it when there's a cat or a lawyer in the room — no offence, Mr. Morrison ! for I was bred a lawyer myself, you know.' ' And pray, my good sir,' said Morrison, ' how did you manage then, if you always whistle illibullero when there's a lawyer in the room ?' ' Why I did nothing but whistle all day long, with my hands in my pockets,' replied Mr. Driesen, not at all put out of countenance ; ' so I was obliged to give up the law, my good sir, otherwise I should have whistled myself away altogether. As it was, I had whistled myself into the shape and likeness of a flagolet, as you now see.' "

A part of the examination of a queer old tar on the trial referred to in the foregoing, may further serve to exhibit the humorous portions of the work :—

"The evidence was so clear, so exact, so conclusive, in regard to the facts which it went to establish, that a well-pleased murmur ran through the court; and the counsel, who had received a hint from Morrison not to press Captain Longly further than necessary, upon his occupation at the time, judged that he might leave the matter there, especially as he might elicit any other facts from Hailes at an after period, if he found it requisite. The counsel for the prosecution, however, was not to be so satisfied; and as it fell to one of the junior counsel to cross-examine this witness, he did it in a less mild and considerate manner than his leader might have done. 'Now, Mr. Longly,' he said, 'or Captain Long, as I am told you are called, you have given very good evidence indeed; but I have got a question or two to ask you, and be so good as to remember that you are upon your oath. Now, Mr. Longly, alias Captain Long—' 'Make haste,' said Longly, bluffly; 'for though they call me Captain Long, as you say, I am fond of short questions and short answers.' 'Well, then, Captain Long,' he continued, 'be so good as to explain to us, if it is not an impertinent question, what you were doing at the time the prisoner at the bar was with you, as you have stated.' 'Why, I think it is an impertinent question, Mr. Parchment-face,' replied Captain Long, who did not at all admire the demeanour of his cross-examiner. 'I came here to give evidence of what he was doing, not what I was doing, and so I say it is an impertinent question, and I sha'n't answer it.' 'Then the court must compel you,' replied the lawyer. 'I am afraid you must put your question in another form,' said the judge. The lawyer bowed, and tried it in a different shape. 'Pray, then,' he said, 'what was Sir Charles Tyrrell, the prisoner at the bar, doing at the time that he was with you, as you have just stated?' Captain Long, however, was not a man to be easily outdone, and he replied, 'Why, part of the time he was walking up under the park-wall towards me; part of the time he was talking to me, and part of the time he was walking away again; part of the time he was turning to look at what we were about; part of the time he was coming back again to us, and part of the time he was going back to his own house;' and Captain Long put his hands behind his back, and looked the lawyer straight in the face, while a general and unbecoming titter ran through the court. 'Silence!' exclaimed the judge; 'this is very indecent! I do not, however, think our learned brother can press the witness to say anything that might criminate himself.' 'I have no objection, my lord,' replied Longly, turning towards the judge, 'to say anything in the world, if I am asked in a civil way, do you see; but if he tries to brow-beat me, he shall find himself mistaken.' 'You must respect the court, sir,' replied the judge. 'We will not suffer you to be brow-beaten, but you must remember the awful nature of the proceeding in which we are engaged. The life of a fellow-creature is at stake—a terrible crime has been committed, and the law must be satisfied. Have you any objection, Mr. Longly, to answer the court what was the business you were engaged in during the time that the prisoner at the bar was with you? You are not obliged, however, to say anything to criminate yourself, therefore let your answer be considerate.' Longly paused for a moment, ere he replied, and turned his eyes towards Everard Morrison; but then, slapping his knee after his own peculiar fashion, he answered, 'Well, I don't care! It must be told one day, so it shall out now.'

But not "now" with us; for we must leave this to the readers of the book itself, and conclude with a few brief selections, as specimens of the author's talent, as plentifully sprinkled over these delightful pages.

Childhood.—"The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, the sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson and take it to his heart. Seldom, too seldom, do we do so."

Silent Language.—"Throughout life we are constantly holding long conversations without saying a word, for the expression of the countenance is just as much a language as that which hangs upon our tongue; and though the one and the other are often equally deceitful, yet we are constantly endeavouring to correct the falsehood and mistakes of either by the commentary of the other."

Boarding-School Education.—"She had in most things a natural good taste, and notwithstanding having been at school, was not, in reality, vulgar, except inasmuch as the least approach to affectation of any kind is vulgar in itself."

Housemaids in the Morning.—"Those lazy jades of yours are never up before six o'clock in the morning, so that when I come down sometimes, to seek for a book in the library, I find them walking about with their brooms in their hands, like the apothecaries of a March wind enveloped in a cloud of dust."

The World fairly divided.—"There are two classes of consummate fools in the world: the fools that cannot open their eyes, and the fools that cannot shut them. The first are very annoying to every body round them; but the second are very annoying to every body else and themselves too."

We have only to add, that a clever portrait of Mr. James, engraved by Greatbatch, after a drawing by Houghton, adds much to the value of this excellent novel.

Hymns and Fireside Verses. By Mary Howitt. 12mo, pp. 202. London, 1839. Darton and Clark.

The tears shed by a little girl (who for several days has looked upon this little volume as her own), on parting with it, is a greater compliment to its merits than all we can say in its praise. She called it her "Little Mabel," from the title of one of the beautiful poems which it contains, and would only be consoled by a promise that it should again be her own when noticed. We know no living writer who has done more to please and instruct the rising generation than our fair authoress; she has children of her own, and has written to their capacities, taking care to select such subjects as are best adapted to their tastes, and veiling under her beautiful stories just such morals as they are capable of comprehending. They read her works with both interest and pleasure, and we doubt not but that in after-life many a sweet stanza which had its birth in her own home-loving and quiet mind, will come like a dream of the past upon their memories, and they will bless her in their hearts for the thoughts she first awakened. There is a simplicity about her writings which even we, who are bending westward, are not yet too old to feel; and although she strikes the chord with a gentle hand, yet the sound vibrates through a thousand emotions which have long slumbered, and the past again arises: visions—how bright!—upon which we deemed the night of memory had closed for ever, rise like the morning upon another world. Her mind has been steeped in the holy

fountain of the Scriptures; and many a drop from that sacred stream has she treasured in her heart, which now steal forth with a low sweet gushing sound—

"Dropping gentle tears
wherever they fall—for there is a healing and a freshness in the waters. Take but the first and longest poem in the present volume, and see what a sweet simplicity reigns throughout it. Christianity is personified, and, to use her own words, "Like a little child goes wandering over the world, fearless in its innocence." There may be those whom the amiable Cowper has hit off in three lines, who

"know no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull"—
Who have no brains within the skull,
and who do not feel the beauty of this allegory; but we will read a few more pages, and soon forget their foolishness. Little Marien sets out on a pilgrimage through the world—an angel in the disguise of a child. But here is the opening:

"Through the wide world went Marien,
On a holy mission sent,
A little child of tender years,
Throughout the world she went.
And ever, as she went along,
Sweet flowers sprang 'neath her feet;
All flowers that were most beautiful,
Of virtues strong and sweet.
And ever, as she went along,
The desert beasts grew tame;
And man, the savage, dyed with blood,
The merciful became.
* * * * *
No friend at all had Marien,
And at the break of day,
In a lonesome place within the world,
In quiet thought she lay.
The stars were lost in coming morn,
The moon was pale and dim,
And the golden sun was rising
Over the ocean's rim.
With upturned eye lay Marien;—
'And I am alone,' said she,
Though the blackbird and the nightingale
Sing in the forest-tree:
Though the weak woodland creatures
Come to me when I call,
And eat their food from out my hand;
And I am loved by all.
Though sun, and moon, and stars, come out,
And flowers of fairest grace,
And whate'er God made beautiful,
Are with me in this place:
Yet I am all alone, alone,—
Alone both night and day!
So I will forth into the world,
And do what good I may:
For many a heart is sorrowful,
And I that heart may cheer;—
And many a weary captive pine
In dungeons dark and drear;—
And I the iron bonds may loose;—
Then why abide I here?
And many a spirit dark with crime,
Yet lengthen to repent;
And many a grievous wrong is done
To the weak and innocent;—
And I may do the injured right,
May save the penitent!
Up, I will forth into the world!
And, thus as she did say,
Sweet Marien from the ground rose up
And went forth on her way.
Through the wood went Marien,
The thick wood and the green."

In the dark wood she meets with two brothers who are at strife about their heritage. The elder says, "Thou shalt not have a part of our father's land;" the younger stabs him to the heart without replying, then escapes into the forest, and gentle Marien is left kneeling beside "the bleeding and murdered man." Such are the first objects that the angel-pilgrim meets when she sets out into the world: so murder speedily followed the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. Poor Marien leaves the murdered man "stiff in death," and journeys along disconsolate through the wild forest

until she comes to where a woman sits with her arms folded upon her breast. "A woman desolate," pale as marble, she sat with fixed eye, "enchained, as in a trance, by her great misery." But it is in vain attempting to connect the beauty and simplicity of the narrative by analysis. The following will find its way into every feeling heart:—

"What aile thee, mother?" Marien said,
In a gentle voice and sweet;
"What ailest thee, my mother?"
And knelt down at her feet.
"What ailest thee, my mother?"
Kind Marien still did say;
And those two words, "my mother,"
To the lone heart found their way.

As one who wakeneth in amaze,
She quickly raised her head;—
And "Who is't calls me mother?"
Said she, "My child is dead!"

He was the last of seven sons;—
He is dead!—I have none other;—
This is the day they bury him;—
Who is it calls me mother?"

"Tis I," said gentle Marien,
"Dear soul, be comforted!"
But the woman only wrung her hands,
And cried, "My son is dead!"

"Be comforted," said Marien,
And then she sweetly spake
Of Jesus Christ, and how he came
The sting from death to take.

She told of all his life-long love,
His soul by suffering tried;
And how at last his mother stood
To see him crucified.

Of the disciples' broken hearts
She told, of pangs and pain;
Of Mary at the sepulchre,
And Christ arisen again.

"Then sorrow not," she said, "as though
Thou wert of all bereft;
For still, though thy beloved are not,
This blessed faith is left,

That when the dream of life is o'er
Thou shalt embrace thy seven,
More beautiful than earthly sons,
With our dear, in heaven!"

Down on her knees the woman fell,
And "blessed be God," said she,
"Who in my sorest need sent
This comforter to me!"

Marien, "abides a little space" with the "desolate woman," and becomes as dead to her as a daughter. But the time arrives when she must again depart; and the childless mother accompanies her a part of the way across "the desert heath, and the wild mountain." They sleep together in the "hoar forest," and in the morning,

"They said farewell, as those who part
To meet on earth no more."

Marien pursues her journey alone, "from morn till set of day," singing as she goes along, for the "peace of God rested upon her spirit," and

"The joyfulest song sang Marien
That e'er left human tongue;
The very birds were mute to hear
The holy words she sung."

But the "darksome night came on," and the heavenly pilgrim laid her down to sleep beside a cave,

"On mosses green and brown."

In "the deepest hush of night," rude robbers entered the cavern, and having ate and drank, they prepare to murder an old man whom they have robbed. But Marien springs up from her mossy couch, and enters the cave, and the robbers fly, believing her to be "a spirit stern and beautiful." The aged man is rescued, and journeys hand in hand with his deliverer to the "forest grange," where he dwells, a sweet sylvan spot, "where the white doe and the antled stag" bound in freedom. But the good old man dies soon after, and,

"Then came forth

A kinsman for the heir.
A lean and rugged man of self
In wickedness grown old;

From some vile city-den he came
And seized upon the gold;—
He slew the tamed forest-beast,
The forest-grange he sold.

And with hard speeches, coarse and rude,
Away the child he sent;—
Meek Marien answered not a word,
But through the forest went."

With the following, from the third part of
"Marien's Pilgrimage," we must conclude:—

"Through the wild wood went Marien
For many a weary day;
Her foot the forest-fruits, and on
The forest-turf she lay.

The wildwood was skirted
By moorlands dry and brown;
And after them came Marien
Into a little town.

At entrance of the little town
A cross stood by the way,—
A rude stone cross, and there she knelt
A little prayer to say.

Then on the stone-steps sat her down;
And soon beside her crept
A pale child, with a clasped book;
And all the while he wept.

"Why weep you, child?" asked Marien,
"What troubleth you so sore?"
At these words spoken tenderly,
The child wept more and more.

"I have not heard," at length he said,
"Kind words this many a year,
My mother is dead—and my father
Is a hard man and severe.

I sit in corners of the house
Where none can see me weep;
And in the quiet of the day
'Tis here I often creep.

The kid leaps by his mother's side,
The singing birds are glad;
But when I play me in the sun,
My heart is ever sad.

They say this blessed book can heal
All trouble, and therefore
All day I keep it in my sight;
I lay it 'neath my head at night,
But it doth bring no cure to me:—
I know not what the cause may be,
For I of learning have no store."

Thereat, like to a broken flower,
The child dropped down his head;
Then Marien took the clasped book,
And of the Saviour read.

She read of him the humble child
Of poverty and scorn;
How holy angels sang for him
The night that he was born.

* * *

So conversed they of holy things
Until the closing day,
Then Marien and the little child
Rose up to go their way.

As to the town they came, they passed

An ancient church, and "Here
Let us go in!" the pale child said,
"For the organ pealeth over head,
And that sweet strain of holy sound

Like a heavenly voice wraps me round,

And my heavy heart doth cheer."

So Marien and the little child
Into the church they stole;

And many voices rich and soft

Rose upward from the organ loft,

And the majestic instrument

Pleaded to an anthem that was sent

To soothe a troubled soul.

Anon the voices died away,

The pealing organ ceased,

And through the church's ancient door

Passest chorister and priest.

And Marien and the little child

Went forward hand in hand

Adown the chancel aisle, and then

At once they made a stand.

Over the altar hung a piece

With holy influence fraught,

A work divine of wondrous skill

By some old painter wrought.

The gracious Saviour breathing love,

Was there like life expressed,

And round his knees the children small

Were thronging to be blessed.

Down dropped the child upon his knees,

And weeping, tenderly,

Cried 'Bliss me also, poor and weak,

Or let me go to thee!'

Amid his little head dropped low,

And his white lips gan to say,

"O kiss me, gentle one, for now

Even I am called away—

The blessed mother's voice I hear,

It calleth me away!"

So died the child;—and Marien laid
His meek arms on his breast,
With the clasped book between his hands:
Thus God had given him rest!

And Marien, weeping holy tears,
Sat down beside the dead,
And slept that night within the church,
As in a kingly bed.

Scarce from the church had Marien passed,
When came the father there,
As was his wont, though fierce and bad,
To say a morning prayer.

Not seven paces had he gone,
When, heart-struck, he surveyed
Before his feet, that little child
In his dead beauty laid.

At once, as by a lightning stroke,
His softened soul was torn
With a deep sense of all the wrong
That little child had borne.

And then came back the timid voice,
The footstep faint and low,
The many little arts to please,
The look of hopeless wo,
And many a shuddering memory
Of harsh rebuke and blow.

No prayer of self-approving words,
As was his wont, he said,
But humbled, weeping, self-condemned,
He stood before the dead."

We did purpose giving an analysis of the whole of this poem (the idea of which may have been suggested by Parnell's "Hermit"); but we have already trespassed deeply upon our columns; for it is seldom that we meet with a work that carries us so far away, and has such a just claim to the space of our pages. Of the smaller ballads and hymns, we can only say that they are all excellent; and the one entitled "Mabel on Midsummer Day" is a perfect little gem, finished exquisitely. We do not remember reading a fairy legend, addressed to children, that we liked so well. The book is illustrated by several very beautiful vignettes designed by Mr. Brown, whose name, in connexion with the late splendid annuals, is well known. Mabel milking the ewe, and surrounded by the "fairy folk," together with Marien reading at the ancient cross, are most to our liking; but they all do great credit to this young and rising artist. We need not add a further recommendation, the extracts we have given will speak for themselves. The volume ought to be put into the hands of all good children who can read; and those who cannot might, like Alfred of old, be tempted to learn by a sight of it. We give it our praise and our best wishes; and, in the words of the fair authoress, conclude:—

"Go forth, and have thou neither fear nor shame;
Many shall be thy friends,—thy foes be few;
And greet thou those who love thee in my name,
Yea, greet them warmly! Little book, adieu!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Numismatic Chronicle. Edited by J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A. No. IV. April 1839. London. Taylor and Walton.

The present number of this interesting periodical, for interesting it is, as well as indispensable, to all who devote any attention to the subject of numismatics, fully maintains the reputation which its predecessors have acquired. In addition to various papers, of which some are curiously illustrative of classical antiquities; some of mediæval archaeology; and others, as that on the medals of the Pretender, of more recent English history; and the usual reviews and miscellanies; it gives us the first portion of a descriptive catalogue of the curious collection of the Chevalier de Horta, formed by his father while ambassador at Vienna, the Hague, and St. Petersburg, drawn up by Mr. Akerman, who has made several of the inedited coins which it contains the subject of a very ingenious paper.

Mr. Akerman, acting upon the Shaksperian

doctrine "of finding good in every thing," has applied himself to the study of numismatics in a very philosophical spirit; and in his hands the work before us will, no doubt, prove highly instrumental in spreading abroad a well-directed taste for a branch of antiquarian lore, which, if rightly applied, is eminently calculated to throw light upon the most important historical questions.

A Brief History of the United States' Boundary Question. Drawn up from Official Papers. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Pp. 32. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

As historiographer to Her Majesty, Mr. James has access to the current tide of State Papers; and from those relating to the important question of a boundary line between the territory of the United States and the British North American Colonies, he has drawn up this concise and clear account of the question. He shews that in rejecting the award of the King of Holland, the United States have taken new grounds, and put forward claims not only inconsistent with the treaty of 1783, but with that of Ghent; and he contends that there is no use in going to another reference, unless provision is made for its being finally binding on both parties, and not liable to be set aside because the general government of the United States cannot control the independent government of the State of Maine—a State, by the bye, which did not exist when the treaty of 1783 was concluded. Mr. James suggests proper measures to be adopted to secure this *finality*.

We should very much have missed a map to render Mr. James's statements more distinct as to geographical points, but, by a lucky coincidence, one by Mr. James Wyld, with the whole North-Eastern Boundary in dispute laid down for reference, has just been published, and reached us whilst reading his pamphlet. They are necessary to each other, and should go together.

The Gaberlinzic, a Scottish Comedy. Pp. 75. (Edinburgh, W. Elgin; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Rather a pleasant imitation of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd;" in which the disguised King James, of merry memory, figures in his old character of a gaberlinzic; and with a jolly friar, a miller, and his bonny daughter, and other characters, makes out a light comic pastoral, interspersed with songs of an agreeable description.

Mariamne, a Tragedy, by W. Waller. Pp. 50.—We cannot say much for this play, wherein are figured Herod and his court. The conclusion is very lame.

Isabella Aldobrandi, a Tragedy, by Guido Sorelli. Pp. 84. (London, Rowlatt.)—M. Sorelli, well known and appreciated as the translator of Milton, has given here a fair specimen of his own original composition in the English language. There are many poetical thoughts in the play of *Isabella Aldobrandi*.

Wohaski, a Tragedy, and the *Poetical Works of James Mariana.* Pp. 179. (London, S. Magnus.)—These compositions have amused the writer, and we fear they will not extend their influence much further.

The Organs of the Brain, a Comedy, in Three Acts, Translated from "Kotzebue" by Lieut. Colonel Capo-dore. Pp. 68. (London, E. Bull.)—Phrenology, a comedy!—we always thought it farce.

The Siege of Vienna, a Tragedy. Pp. 91. (Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, Ridgway.)—We cannot say that this breaks the spell of mediocritv, which comprehends so many of our recent dramatic productions.

The Promises, a Tragedy. Pp. 84. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—Nor this, which is very mystical, and has no interest.

Montezuma, a Tragedy, by Dilnot Sladden. Pp. 93. (London, Longman and Co.; Canterbury, Ward.)—Nor this.

Etein and Mercur, a Tragedy. Pp. 132. (London, Miller.)—Norman and Saxon, in prose and verse.

Eucharistion. Meditations and Exhortations from the old English Divines, &c., by the Rev. S. Willmott, M.A. Pp. 139. (London, Burns.)—A pious selection, and well calculated to impress the mind in a salutary manner in regard to the solemn ceremony of holy communion.

The Simplicity and Intelligible Character of Christianity, by Presbyteros. 8vo. pp. 64. (London, Longman and Co.; Bath, Simms, Collings, &c.)—Four brief discourses, the object of which is to shew that the Christian is a clearly revealed religion, and not a mystery.

On the Present State of the Navy, by Capt. Sartorius, R.N. Pp. 32. (London, Turner.)—A pamphlet to point out the expediency of making the naval service more

coveted than at present, by securing and increasing the pensions for long services, &c.

Trials of Strength: a Tale, illustrative of Moral and Physical Courage, by Mrs. Barwell. Pp. 256. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—A book of instruction for boys, from which improvement may be gathered, though we dislike the exposition of vicious contrasts, which suggest evil that might never otherwise enter into the mind.

The Animal Creation: its Claims on our Humanity stated and enforced, by the Rev. John Styles, D.D. Pp. 357. (London, Ward and Co.)—This essay gained for its author the prize of a hundred guineas, offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the best illustration of the argument on behalf of the brute creation, and the obligations of mankind to treat them with humanity. We are afraid that on account of the experiments with the animal poison, in the last Gazette, might expose the operators to severe animadversion, notwithstanding the useful object they had in view. We would recommend this work to them and all others who are liable to forget a duty in itself so gratifying as mercy and kindness to animals.

Notes on the Relations of British India with some of the Countries West of the Indus. Pp. 23. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—A brief but intelligent exposition of our past and present relations with Persia and Afghanistan; and contending that, when the former lends itself to Russian influence, it is our policy to strengthen our frontiers by cultivating the best understanding with the Afghan rulers. At page 22, a missprint of Indies instead of Indus (twice on the same page) ought to be corrected, as very fatal

to the difference, to the chemist, of organic and inorganic matter. Both are composed of certain distinct principles or elements, the former invariably of a few, the latter of upwards of fifty, according to our present knowledge. The organic relieved of vitality can be reduced to its inorganic elements, but, with perhaps one exception, cannot be reproduced artificially; the inorganic, on the other hand, after being resolved into its elements, by an acquaintance with their influences and agencies can be reproduced. This difference, however, may only exist because of our limited knowledge. Organic substances are compounds or proximate principles, which exist ready formed in animals and plants. In some cases, one principle is so mixed with others, that a process is necessary for its separation. This is termed proximate analysis, and a further resolution of the proximate principles into their elements constitutes ultimate analysis, which presents to the chemist a knowledge of the quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in either of the before-mentioned proximate principles. Previously to 1810, when Gay Lussac and Thenard proposed their simple method, little was known of the latter process. Though difficult in practice, in theory it is easy. It consists in mixing a portion of the substance to be analysed with peroxide of copper, exposing the mixture to a red heat in a glass tube, and collecting the gaseous products over mercury. They are also passed through a tube filled with fragments of chloride of calcium to absorb the portions of oxygen and hydrogen forming watery vapour; and if nitrogen forms a constituent of the substance, it passes over mixed with carbonic acid. Its quantity may be ascertained by removing the carbonic acid by a solution of potash. The analysis having been successfully conducted, the weight of the different products added together will make up the exact weight of the organic substance. The chief difficulties attendant on the practical analysis are the presence of moisture and atmospheric air, which would give an erroneous amount of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. To remove which, and every other source of error, much has been done, and very successfully, by Dumas, and more especially by Liebig, as described and practically illustrated by Mr. Everett.

Sugar was the substance analysed: it would be impossible, however, in our limited space, to describe the minutiae of the process; we shall, therefore, only point out the essentials. The sugar having been ascertained to be perfectly pure and to contain no moisture but what was necessary for its composition, every precaution must be taken to prevent it, or the substances employed in the process, absorbing moisture. For this object it was, after having been accurately weighed, as well as the peroxide of copper, mixed with the latter, which had been heated and not allowed to cool, and placed in a tube of Bohemian glass, in which was no lead, in the following order: oxide of copper, unmixed; sugar and oxide, mixed; then, again, oxide, unmixed. This tube, containing nothing but oxide of copper and sugar was submitted to heat; the products of the combustion would be, of course, water and carbonic acid. To collect these, fragments of chloride of calcium for the water were used, which allowed the carbonic acid to pass over (the chloride had been previously dried, and the mode was described), and for the carbonic acid, in lieu of the mercury of the process of Gay Lussac and Thenard, which was the source of many errors, liquor potassæ was employed. It was contained in five bulbs of a triangular glass

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 12th April.—Mr. Everett, "On Professor Liebig's Method of Analysing Organic Bodies," introduced the subject by explaining

tube, three of which occupied the base; the centre one larger than the others on each side of it; and the remaining two, larger than either of the other three, were on the top of each side of the triangle. This, we understood, was an invention of Professor Liebig's. The tube being very light, and the specific gravity of the liquor potassæ known, the weight of the whole could be ascertained to the one-hundredth of a grain. Various little niceties to obtain the whole of the constituents, and to obviate the difficulties of practical analysis, before stated, were satisfactorily described. The increase of weight of the chloride, and of the liquor potassæ, gave the results of the water and carbonic acid, the oxygen of the copper, or otherwise, being taken by the difference; upon which any error was consequently thrown, and, therefore, the chance of the numerical proportions of the constituents being wrong, was considerably diminished. The sources of error arising from the possibility of the chloride absorbing carbonic acid, and from the presence of atmospheric air, were shewn, by calculation, to be inconsiderable and neutralized. From those bodies containing nitrogen, similarly treated, that gas would be left, and the process was therefore equally accurate for either animal or vegetable substances. The practical results, Mr. Everett observed, were data producing quite a revolution of ideas, and interpretations of changes of bodies to mathematical precision. The conversion of starch into sugar, alcohol into ether, acetic acid into acetone, &c., and that which affords a glimpse of hope of ultimate success with respect to all organic matter, the artificial production of urea, are determined. This will be the more evident from the numerical examples we subjoin: the constituents of each compound will be given, and the necessary subtraction or addition of the superfluous or the requisite substance will be manifest.

	C.	M.	O.
Alcohol	4	6	2 = 46
Ether	4	5	1 = 37
Water	0	1	1 = 9
Acetic acid	4	3	3 = 51
Carbonic acid	1	0	2 = 22
Acetone	3	3	1 = 29
Cyanic acid	2	0	1 = 34
Ammonia	0	3	2 = 17
Water	0	1	0 = 9
Urea	2	4	2 = 60

The interest and importance of the subject we think an excuse for the length of this notice.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—A number of fellows were elected, others proposed.—It was announced from the chair, that the president had appointed, in accordance with the regulations, the vice-presidents of the Society for the present year as follows: Lord Sandon, Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, and James Heywood, Esq.—The paper read was a ‘Report made to the Council by a Sub-committee of the Committee on Vital Statistics,’ upon the subject of the next census of the population of the kingdom in 1841. It states that the committee, entertaining a deep sense of the importance of a well-directed census of the British population, view with considerable anxiety the near approach of the year in which the next decimal census is to take place, and regard the present season as one of preparation, in which the friends of useful statistical inquiries ought to watch attentively the signs of the intentions of government, and interpose their objections or recom-

mendations according as they appear necessary to secure, on the part of the government, the selection and adoption of such questions as are calculated to render the results of the next census most valuable. The committee would, in the first place, remark that there have been four censuses of the British population at decimal intervals, the first in 1801, and the last in 1831. In each of the four censuses the males and females have been separately enumerated. In each of the last three censuses have been distinguished the number of families employed in agriculture, the number employed in trade and manufacture, and the number of families not employed in agriculture, trade, or manufacture. In the census of 1821 the population was distinguished according to the gradation of age to which each part belonged, the numbers of males and females being separately stated: in this classification according to age, one-ninth part only of the total population was admitted. In the census of 1831 the important question of age was altogether omitted, and in its place was substituted a question as to which of some 80 or 90 specified callings or occupations each man belonged. The question of age, one of practical and acknowledged utility, was omitted in 1831, in order that room might be found to insert an experimental question, of which the utility has not yet been discovered. The committee would now earnestly recommend that the influence of the Statistical Society and of the council should be especially directed to securing the adoption, by the government, of the question of age, among the questions for the census of 1841. The classification of the population according to age, is indispensably requisite for the determination of the law of mortality suffered by that population; and, in order that the resulting law may be entitled to a high degree of confidence, the enumerations, according to age, ought to be repeated at intervals not exceeding ten years. In Sweden, which is the only country wherein the mortality of the population is accurately known, the enumerations of the living, classified according to age, are made once every five years, and enumerations have been made for a continued series of more than eighty years. In the United States of North America there have been made five enumerations of the living according to age, at the decimal periods 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, and 1830. But the value of these enumerations has been greatly reduced by a deficit, which was not discovered and rectified until the census of 1830. At this last census the intervals of age comprising the separate classes were changed, and made to ascend by decimal gradations, from birth upwards; the gradations of age adopted in the previous censuses being sometimes greater and sometimes less than ten years. It is now known that the gradation of age observed ought to correspond with the intervals between different enumerations. If the population be enumerated once every ten years, the gradations of age must be decimal; so that the survivors of those contained in one class, at a certain enumeration, may constitute, and represent in succession, the classes in the higher gradations of age, observed at subsequent enumerations. In recommending, to the especial attention of the Society, the means of securing the insertion of the question of age in the next census, the sub-committee are biased by their devotion to vital statistics. The contemplated census is an arrangement for collecting the statistics of population, of which the chief branch will generally be admitted to be the statistics of the mortality of such population. In recommending the question of age,

the sub-committee are merely recommending the ascertainment of a class of facts which they know to be essential for the accurate determination of the law of mortality of the population. The sub-committee have also to observe, that, connected with the results of the past censuses of the English population, there have been published the numbers of baptisms and burials entered in all the parish registers of England and Wales during the ten years preceding each census. Together with the result of the census of 1831, there was also published a return of the ages of all the burials recorded in the parish registers. It is the opinion of the sub-committee, that this parish-register inquiry ought to be continued, and that the publication (similar to that of 1831) of the ages of all the dying in England, during the ten years 1831–1840, would be productive of great benefit, and prove a valuable addition to the materials requisite for determining the mortality of the English population. Some conversation followed the reading of this report, and a resolution, approving of it, was passed *en cons.*

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 10th. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper was read on as much of the ‘Transition or Grauwacke System’ as is exposed in the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, by the Rev. D. Williams, F.G.S. The author commenced by stating, that his views respecting the structure of the country had been derived from independent observations; but that, while he claimed originality for himself, he did not in the remotest sense impugn the originality of the views of other geologists who have examined the same districts. The sedimentary deposits older than the new red system, and constituting the whole of Cornwall, the greater part of Devon, and the south-west of Somersetshire, are arranged by Mr. Williams in the transition class, and under the following formations, commencing with the youngest:—9. Floriferous slates and sandstone; 8. Coddon Hill grits; 7. Trilobite slates; 6. Wollacombe sandstone; 5. Morte slates; 4. Trentishoe slates; 3. Calcareous slates of Linton; 2. Foreland and Dunkerry sandstone; 1. Cannington Park limestone. Of these formations, only 9, 8, and 7 were described in the paper, the other six not occurring in Cornwall or in Devonshire, except in the north-west corner of the county, and are reserved by the author for future consideration. The floriferous slates and sandstone (9), arranged in the true coal measures by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, in memoirs read before the British Association in 1836, and the Geological Society in 1837, Mr. Williams considers to be a grauwacke formation, because he has traced passages into the subjacent deposit (8), and he employs the term floriferous to avoid the ambiguity which he conceives would arise from using the word carbonaceous; and he objects to the expression culmiferous, as anthracite constitutes but a very small part of the formation. The deposit occupies a large portion of Devonshire and detached minor areas in Cornwall. The sandstone, he says, are quite distinct in external aspect from any other in the district, but that the slates are occasionally undistinguishable from those employed for roofs. The Coddon Hill grits (8) constitute, on the north, a narrow band from Fremington, near Barnstaple, to Holcombe Rogus, and in the south a broader district flanking the floriferous sandstones, from Forrabury, by Launceston, to the granite of Dartmoor. The deposit passes

gradually upwards into No. 9, and downwards into number 7, the intermediate strata being termed by the author neutral beds. The grits which compose the greater part of the formation are perfectly distinct from any other in the district, and afford most valuable assistance in tracing the range of the deposit; they contain, also, the Wavelite, for which the north of Devonshire has been long distinguished. In the middle of the series are lenticular masses of limestone associated with beds of black shale, the former containing goniatites and posidonia, and the latter, plants with flakes of anthracite. The trilobite slates (7) constitute, in the north of Devon, a band ranging from Braunton on the west, nearly to Milverton on the east, and, on the south, extensive districts around the granite of Dartmoor; he believes that the whole of the slate series of Cornwall belongs to them. In the north and south they gradually pass upwards into the Coddon grits, and in the north downwards into the Wollacombe sandstones (6); the expression neutral being also applied to these passage beds. In some parts the slates abound with trilobites, and the limestones of Plymouth, Newton Bushel, and Torbay, which belong to the formation in corals and shells. The remainder of the series, from 6 to 1, will be described in a future memoir.*

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Bishop of Norwich in the chair.—The first paper read was ‘On a Gall, gathered in Cuba by Mr. Macleay,’ upon the leaf of a plant belonging to the order *Ochnaceae*, by the Rev. Mr. Berkeley. The greatest peculiarity of this gall is its being possessed of an *operculum*, and presenting a striking analogy to some of the *Epiphytous fungi*. The border is furnished with seven lobes, resembling very much a *Peziza*. It is the only instance known of a gall having an *operculum*. Mr. Macleay is inclined to think that it is the gall of a hymenopterous insect, allied to the *Diplopidae*. Another paper read was, ‘On British Lichens and Fungi,’ by C. Babington, Esq. The paper comprised descriptions of a number of new species and varieties, not before recorded as British. Five new members were admitted.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 16th April.—Read, a paper ‘On the use of Black Paint, in diverting the effects of Lightning on Ships,’ by Capt. John Arrowsmith. In the “Philosophical Transactions,” vol. xlvi., will be found a relation of lightning passing over the parts of the masts painted with lampblack and oil, without the least injury, while it shivered the uncoated parts, tearing out splinters in such a manner as to render the masts entirely useless. The experience of thirty voyages, during which, on reference to his journals, the vessels he commanded had been at ninety-eight different periods within the vortex of the electric fluid, and escaped without having been once struck, has confirmed Capt. Arrowsmith in the belief of the efficacy of the precautions adopted by him at the commencement of those voyages, on reading the singular facts related of piebald cattle and horses struck by lightning. The affinity of the fluid to those parts of the streaks in the animals which were white being very remarkable, led him to adopt the use of black paint on the mast-heads, yards, caps, and trucks; and to take in and furl the upper and light sails, whenever forked lightning approached the vessels he commanded. The security afforded in the numerous instances of

his experience, presents a conclusion, “that any part of a body composed of wood, sufficiently coated with black, or lamp black and oil, possesses a property of resisting the destructive effects of the fluid, and did resist it in those instances related in the ‘Philosophical Transactions’ above referred to, which, if Capt. Arrowsmith had seen and read during his sea-life, he would have used the *black* in the fullest extent, covering with it the entire of the masts and hull of the vessels. Read, also, a paper ‘On the action produced in the flame of a Candle by the Voltaic Battery,’ by Mr. Gassiot. Dr. Paris, in his life of Sir Humphry Davy, states, that in the “Laboratory Register of the Royal Institution,” of the 6th of October, 1807, there is described a beautiful experiment of Sir Humphry’s—“that of producing the vegetation of the carbon of the wick of a candle, by placing it between the wires of a voltaic battery.” No further account of this experiment appearing in Dr. Paris’s work, or in the life of Sir Humphry, published by his brother Dr. Davy, induced Mr. Gassiot to repeat it and follow it out; who says, “It is difficult to describe the beautiful appearance displayed during the progress of the experiment, while the carbon is depositing on the electrodes.” The result of Mr. Gassiot’s series of interesting experiments is, that when the ends of the terminal wires or electrodes of a voltaic battery are introduced into the flame of a candle, certain constant and distinct effects are produced on each electrode, although no evidence of the circuit being completed can be detected, either by a delicate galvanometer or by the evolution of iodine from hyd. of potas. On the other hand, while, with single plates, electro-magnetic and electro-chemical actions are distinctly shewn, and so easily developed, no effect can be produced on the carbon of a candle. The battery used by M. Gassiot consisted of one hundred cells, each containing about one quart of rain-water: it was composed of the usual elements—copper and zinc, rolled one within the other—metallic contact being prevented by linen interposed between the plates.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—J. P. Deane, Fellow of St. John’s College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. Mules, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. A. Hackman, Chaplain of Christ Church; B. E. Bridges, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. F. Curtis, Balliol College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. M. Lakin, Worcester College, Grand Compounder.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 6.—Professor Wilson read ‘An Account of the Physicians of India who taught and practised in Arabia before the 13th Century of the Christian Era,’ taken from the original Arabic, by the Rev. W. Cureton, with some notes by the professor, identifying some of the works mentioned by the Arabian writer with those now in use in Hindustan. The paper of Mr. Cureton contained the names, and some biographical anecdotes, of many Indians, with short accounts of their writings, some of which Professor Wilson shewed to be now actually in use. One of these physicians, named Mankah, had acquired sufficient celebrity in his own country to be sent for by the great Hareen Al Rashid, to cure him of a serious illness, which he readily effected. It is related of Mankah that one day he saw in the market-place a quack selling a medicine which cured all kinds of diseases: being informed by his interpreter

of what the fellow said, he observed, that if it was true, the khalif was guilty of folly in sending so far as India to get a physician; and, if false, he was equally reprehensible in not putting such a dangerous quack to death, whose living would doubtless cause death to many persons. A curious anecdote is told of Salih bin Bhalah, who also lived in the reign of Hareen al Rashid. A favourite relative of Hareen, named Ibrahim bin Salih, was, apparently, at the point of death; and the physicians had declared that he could not live the day through. Hareen was then persuaded by his vizir, Jaaser, to send for the celebrated Hindu, Salih bin Bhalah, who, on examining the patient, declared that he was ready to give up his property, to manumit all his slaves, and to divorce his wives, if he did not succeed in restoring him to health. It was, however, reported to the khalif in the course of the night that his cousin was dead; on which the khalif cursed India and its medicines, and sat on the ground in the extremity of his grief, which, says the writer, in a parenthesis, was the origin of the custom of sitting on the ground instead of on sofas, which had been hitherto used. But the Hindu, nothing abashed, persisted that the patient was alive, but in a trance; and in proof of his assertion, he pierced his thumb with a needle, on which the patient drew away his hand quickly. He then blew some stimulating powder up his nostrils, when Ibrahim rose up, and said that he had been sleeping comfortably, and that he had had very agreeable dreams, until he dreamed that a dog had rushed upon him, and had bitten his thumb, of which he still felt the pain. He then shewed the mark on his thumb where Bhalah had pierced it with the needle. The account goes on to say that Ibrahim lived many years after this, that he married the princess Alabbash, daughter of Almuhd, and that he became governor of Egypt and Palestine, and that at last he died in Egypt. Many of the names of the physicians mentioned in the paper were clearly shewn by Professor Wilson to be Sanscrit; and others were probable corruptions of the same language. The identification of some of the works was very manifest. The “Kitab Sasrao” was the “Susrus,” a work of such note in India that it had been printed in the original Sanscrit. Another was the “Yedan,” which was said by the Arabian to be a description of the symptoms of diseases, without notice of the treatment. This, the professor observed, is the branch of the art known as Nidan, which word differed from the Arabic Yedan only by the position of the diacritical points of a single letter. Upon the whole, he remarked, the account was very interesting, as demonstrating the antiquity of the Hindu medical literature, and of its cultivation by the Arabs of the eighth and ninth centuries; and as proving that the text-books of a modern Hindu physician were studied by the learned men of the courts of Hareen and Mansur.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V. P. in the chair.—The auditors’ report on the treasurer’s accounts for the year 1838 was read, and contained a statement of the improved and prosperous finances of the Society.—Mr. Haliwill exhibited a drawing on vellum of three figures, which, from the costume, he considered to be of the time of Edward the Fourth, or Richard the Third. A letter was also read from Mr. Haliwill, containing some notes on the early history and constitution of Freemasonry in

* Our report of the preceding meeting is still in arrear, owing to the pressure of other papers.

England. Mr. C. R. Smith communicated an account of Roman remains discovered at Basildon, near Pangbourne, Berks, with drawings of two tessellated pavements, destroyed by the railroad makers. An extract of a letter from the Commander of H. M. schooner, Magpie, to Capt. Beaufort, was read, announcing that, while surveying the Gulf of Kos, he had discovered several tombs, inscriptions, columns, and other remains, of the ancient city of Kenans, the particulars of which were promised at a future period. Mr. Harding exhibited a copy, in water-colours, of a large painting of the ancient family of Clifford, or Skipton Castle, Yorkshire. The several portraits, and numerous shields of arms, were minutely described in a letter from Mr. H., which was read.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.
Tuesday. — Antiquaries (Anniversary), 2 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.
Wednesday. — Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday. — Royal Society, 8 P.M.; London Institution (Anniversary), 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday. — Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS. NEW SOCIETY IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS Exhibition is now open to the public; and, possessing every claim that merit can give, is entitled to their best patronage and encouragement. We feel assured that the lovers of native art will find in it varieties of subject and style calculated to gratify the most fastidious taste. Our first sample shall be

207. *Interior of the Town-Hall at Courtray.* L. Hage.—It is not in language to convey an adequate idea of the technical skill with which this admirable performance is executed. We must content ourselves with saying, that nothing more perfect of the kind has hitherto met our view; whether with regard to the richly decorated interior and its splendid accessories of carved work, or to the animated characters which constitute the pictorial drama performing in it. Here are seen the deliberative statesman, the ardent soldier, the anxious citizen, all occupied with a game, in which life or death, freedom or slavery, is the stake to be played for. This fine production has been purchased by Mr. Vernon; and we congratulate that gentleman on so valuable an accession to his noble collection of the British School.

From this scene of agitation and solicitude, we turn to

224. *The Happy Valley.* (*See Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."*) H. Warren.—There are few, we believe, in this sublunary working-day world, who have not occasionally "recreat'd their travail'd spirits" by allowing their imagination to dwell on some such spots as this. It is for the poet to represent them to the "mind's eye;" the painter's privilege is to embody them, and to render them the objects of actual vision. In the present instance, the artist has most happily performed his pleasing task. For our own part, its sunny glades, its lengthened vistas, its rippling waters, and its covert shades, would content us: let the castle-builders, landscape-gardeners, or improvers of domestic grounds or forest scenery, try to do better if they can. Independently, however, of its brilliant colouring and poetical character, Mr. Warren has enriched his performance with figures, clad in the real costume of Abyssinia.

Upon the whole, whether as a splendid vision of the fancy, or as an excellent work of art, it is deserving of the highest commendation.

53. E. Corbould.—

A quotation in the catalogue shews that this is a representation of one of the chivalrous achievements of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick; and certainly a more romantic incident could hardly have been described in a work of fiction. Yet, in times of old, such things were; and were considered "sport for ladies!" However that may be, a more splendid "passage at arms" (to use Froissart's phrase) was never illustrated by pictorial skill. To the right and to the left excitement has reached its climax; and the catastrophe has called into every countenance an expression of intense interest. When to this we add that the whole is executed in the most spirited yet finished style of art, some idea may be formed of its excellence.

328. *Battle of Flodden Field.* C. H. Weigall and H. Warren.—From the tournament to the actual battle-field was no uncommon transition in those days; but to be equally at home in the battle-field and in the poultry-yard, as shewn in No. 9, by Mr. Weigall, or with the lace-maker, as shewn in No. 345, by Mr. Warren, is reserved for the versatility of an artist. Referring, however, to the work immediately under our consideration, we congratulate Messrs. Weigall and Warren on having produced one of the most spirited and picturesque representations of a well-fought field it has ever been our happiness to—encounter we were about to say, but see will do better. By the bye, Sir Walter Scott, in "Marion," has greatly added to the effect of his description of this memorable battle, by borrowing a thought from Drayton, who, in his "Barron's Wares," has the following simile:—

" From battered casks with every envious blow,
The scattered plumes lie looily here and there,
Whicn in the ayre doth seeme as drifts of snow,
Whicn ev'ry light breath on wings doth bear."

But now for something in the way of repose; and where shall we find that feeling better or more agreeably illustrated than in 154, *The Spanish Girl*, L. Hicks, where the sunshine without seems reflected by the sunshine within; or in such scenes as 153, *A Ripple on the Thames*, Thomas Robins, and 149, *Scene near St. Donal's Castle, South Wales*, H. Bright? All here is harmony and tranquillity. The same sentiment pervades 219, *A l'Opéra*, F. Rochard; a gem of art, beautiful in character, and exquisite in execution.

To prolong the alternation of scenes of horror and pleasure we will now notice 233, *Brazilian Gamblers*, H. Johnston. The quotation in the catalogue states, that in Brazil "all disputes are settled by an appeal to the knife." It is an appeal which, we regret to observe, is becoming much too frequent in our own country. Mr. Johnston has well suited the action to the words. His composition reminds us of one of the spirited designs of Tintoret, or of the powerful contrasts in the groups of Rubens.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

WE see with sorrow in the Scottish newspapers, that our old and estimable friend, John Galt, is no more. He died at Greenock, whither he had retired for some years, to reside amid the attentions of near relations, on Thursday week. Galt's was eminently a literary life. His first work with which we are acquainted, was "Voyages and Travels in 1809, 10, 11," in which he described his journey to Malta,

Serigo, Turkey, &c., in a portly quarto. "The Life of Wolsey" appeared in 1812; and in the same year, the four tragedies of "Maddalen," "Agamemnon," "Lady Macbeth," and "Antonio and Clytemnestra," "Letters from the Levant," were published in 1813, and "The Life of Benjamin West," and "The Majola," a tale, in two volumes, shortly followed. But at length he discovered his true vein, and gave the public in succession those imimitable pictures of Scotch life and manners, which have fixed his name among those of the most popular writers of the age. "The Provost," "The Spa-wife," "The Last of the Lairds," "The Radical," &c. &c., are delightful examples of his imimitable art in this style of composition. At one period, Mr. Galt was almost sovereign of Upper Canada; but we fear his latter days were clouded, in consequence of the disappointment he experienced in that quarter. His health too suffered, and he was frequently attacked by paralysis. In person, Mr. Galt was uncommonly tall, and his form muscular and powerful. Pleasant and frank in his manners and conversation, he was ever a most intelligent and agreeable companion; and though he had been for a considerable while out of the circle of his literary friends, we cannot but deeply feel and deplore his loss, now that he is taken from us entirely and for ever.

PETER TURNERELLI, ESQ.

WE have also to announce the death of this artist, about the 20th ult., at his house in Newman Street, after an illness of only a few hours. For many years his busts in the Exhibition displayed his talents as a sculptor, and it was his good fortune to model many very eminent and distinguished persons. His figure of Burns at his plough, for the monument erected to his memory at Dumfries (that monument, the beautiful work of the late Mr. Thomas Hunt), is his principal work known to us; though his statue of George III., his bust of the Princess Charlotte, his Blucher, Platoff, and a long list of other interesting personages, will long preserve his name and memory from oblivion. Mr. Turnerelli was a charming singer, with a voice of singular quality and sweetness. He had a few years ago married a second time, and has, we believe, left families by both wives. His eldest son entered the paths of literature with much promise, but we have not recently seen any proof of his having pursued them.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre. — Madlle Dettmar, on Tuesday evening, made her appearance as *Pippo*, in *La Gazza Ladra*. Her voice, as far as we could judge from so slight a part, is pleasing, and she sings in good time and tune. She seems accustomed to the stage, and her manner is easy and unaffected.

Drury Lane. — A certain class of musical entertainments, called *Concerts à la Valentino*, was begun here on Saturday, for the enjoyment of which there was the small charge of a shilling a-head; and we will say for the heads we saw, that most of them were in such shocking bad hats, that we are sure the price was conformable to circumstances, if not rather too high. The four walls of a theatre never witnessed a rabble to compare with this audience; and the lowest meeting of pot-house radicalism alone can afford any idea of its quality. The pit was boarded over, level with the stage, and crammed with men, not a female being able to endure the mob. A shabby orchestra displayed some sixty-five performers,

whom the bills advertise as a hundred ; and, in the midst of din, vulgarity, and confusion, Mr. Eliason produced some fine pieces of music, and Albertazzi sang delightfully.

"So Orpheus fiddled, and so prived the brutes."

The whole affair seemed worthy to succeed Van Amburgh and the beasts; only the visitors were more mixed up with what was disagreeable in this than in the preceding *entertainments*. On looking into the area there was no need to cry "take care of your pockets," everybody did it instinctively ; and the only hope of impunity that appeared was, that the crew did not look genteel enough for pickpockets.

Haymarket.—*Touch and Take*; or, *The Law of the Kiss*, produced at this theatre on Monday, was less successful than might have been expected from the strong cast of characters. The plot is whimsical enough, and the music lively and pleasant ; the fault is in the length of some of the scenes, and the general meagreness of the dialogue, which gives the actor little scope for display. Mr. Power did the best he could for a part somewhat graver than he is accustomed to play. Mr. Webster and Mr. Strickland also made the most of theirs. Mrs. W. Clifford played a learned and stately dame very well ; and Miss Taylor looked and dressed the heroine most temptingly : she had little to do except a single speech in the last scene, which she delivered with great feeling—and to become necessary after the fact, to the kiss-stealing by *Sir Roderick Macarthy*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, always lively and agreeable, sung two songs with great archness ; notwithstanding which some disapprobation was manifested at the end of the piece. It has, however, since been shortened, and goes off with much better effect. Power, who was really nervous on the first night, is now fully assured, and of course carries the audience along with him.

Mr. Webster has wisely secured the services of Macready for the whole of next season. At the Haymarket we shall then have Shakspere and sterling plays got up and performed as they have been at Covent Garden ; and there cannot be a doubt but that this liberal enterprise will have its great reward. The Geese who have caused this loss to Covent Garden Theatre will then find to their cost that *ubi Macready ibi Drama*.

Olympic.—*Dr. Dilworth*, a very droll and farcical piece of humour, has been brought out here with complete success. The story turns on the humours of an old grammarian, and is capitally supported by Farren, Vestris, Mrs. Oger, Miss Murray, Keeley, and Brougham.

The *Adelphi* has got Musard concert promenades ; and the band of the Coldstream Guards are announced, in full uniform, for performances on wind instruments, at the *Lyceum*. At the *Surrey* the *Adelphi* company are carrying on in great style ; and at the *St. James's* the monkeys proceed with undiminished *éclat*. *Sadler's Wells* has produced some successful novelties ; and improves much upon the productions of late years.

New Strand.—I would be a *Duchess* is so full of points, that it must increase the funds in the treasury of the prosperous little theatre in the Strand.

Miss P. Horton.—Our dainty Ariel takes her first benefit to-night, and sure we are that public liberality will stamp the occasion in a way to shew how highly her rising merit is appreciated. We always predicted that her versatile powers would make her an ornament to the stage ; and every new character she undertakes confirms that opinion. Give her opportunity, she will do more yet, and reach such

a station as will negative the green-room joke upon her name—*Missphorton*.

Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square.—On Monday evening, Mr. G. A. Kollman gave his first grand concert, in which the new pianoforte invented by him was introduced with very fine effect. The novelty consists in the hammers striking downwards instead of upwards, and, consequently, instead of causing the strings to fly off with uncertain vibration, confining them to tone, which the music requires. The terzetto, "Ti parli l'Amore," by Miss Birch, Begrez, and Phillips, was the most applauded vocal effort of the concert ; and there were some good instrumental pieces by Kollmann, Mori, Puzzi, Hausman, and Sedlatzek.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Wednesday, Mademoiselle C. Botts, one of the most extraordinary piano-fortists we have heard, gave a concert, which was crushingly attended. The entire music was good. Mrs. and Mr. E. Seguin sung well. We were not fortunate enough to obtain programme, so cannot venture upon names. Mademoiselle Botts herself was the principal performer. Her wonderful power over the instrument astonished and enchanted us : her execution with the left hand alone was perfectly magical, and we fear indescribable, as, though we may praise, we can scarcely give an idea of the rapidity, force, and sweetness of her performance.

On Monday, the second *Societas Armonica* was attended even to the filling of the passages. Madame Persiani, Madame Albertazzi, and Signor Ivanhoff, sung separately and together during the evening. Donizetti's delightful "Sulla Tomba" was encored ; in it Madame Persiani and Signor Ivanhoff made perfect harmony. Madame Albertazzi was in full voice, and gave Lord Burghersh's serenade, "The Dews of Night," finely. The instrumental music was of the first order.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. has been busy again. 585 and 586 represent, the first the collision between the Lords and Commons, the Duke of Wellington and Lord John Russell as dogs fighting for a stick (it should have been shillelah) marked "Ireland Committee." John Bull is looking on one side, and O'Connell behind a tree on the other. The last is Giovanni in London, with the infernal chorus "Turn him out." The Premier is the fallen Don, and Lords Brougham and Durham, Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Grote, &c., are the Furies, armed with torches inscribed Ballot, Universal Suffrage, Canada—the whole Hog (Bull), Everything (Brougham), Radicalism (Durham), make altogether a very spirited group.

Adelaide Gallery.—Among the present attractions in this very instructive lounge, we were very much gratified the other day with a lecture on the polarisation of light, with beautiful illustrations, by Mr. Goddard, in which the important phenomena in this branch of science were demonstrated in a novel and interesting manner. The Invisible Girl is also deservedly popular ; and the gymnosis feeds and flourishes in high health and electricity.

Female Musicians.—"The Musical World" of last week announces the formation of a Female Musical Society, with a fund to aid them in old age and cases of poverty and distress. Such an institution is much wanted, and we trust it will meet the support it deserves. No class of persons is more exposed to the sad contingencies of life, and a provident

provision to meet them cannot be too much or too warmly encouraged.

A very interesting Antiquarian and Archaeological meeting is appointed for Monday, in connexion with the Archaeological Society at Rome.

The Winds.—It is with great pleasure we have learned that the advertisement for the return of the South and West in our last, has been the cause of restoring them to their longing friends. The whole country appears to rejoice in this auspicious event.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D., compiled by his Widow.—A Treatise on the Nature of Club-foot, and other Distortions of the Feet, and their Treatment, with or without Operation, by W. J. Little, M.D.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice, by A. Ure, M.D. 1 very thick vol. 8vo. 50s.—Riddle's Young Scholar's English-Latin and Latin-English Dictionary, square, 12mo. 5s.—Rules and Exercises on the Right Use of the Latin Subjunctive Mood, by the Rev. R. Greenlaw, M.A. 12mo. 5s.—Deformities of the Chest and Spine, by W. Coulson, 2d edition, post 8vo. 6s.—Conversations of the Industrious Classes in Sheffield, Part I. Medical Charities, royal 8vo. 6s.—Magnetic Investigations, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, Paper, 8vo. 6s.—Hints on the Culture of the Pine-Apple, by R. Glendinning, 12mo. 5s.—The Antiquity of the Book of Genesis Illustrated, by H. E. Talbot, 8vo. 3s.—Insurrection of Poland in 1830-31, by S. B. Gnowowski, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—English Protestant Martyrs, by T. Smith, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—J. M. Cramp's Text-Book of Popery, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Glimpses of the Past, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 6s.—Notices of the Reformation in the South-West Provinces of France, by R. F. Jameson, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Experimental and Profitable View of the Atomone, by O. Winslow, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—England under the Reign of Edward VI. and Mary, by P. F. Tytler, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.—How to Christian Union, edited by the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, fcap. 4s.—Dodd's Church History, by Rev. M. A. Tierney, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.; large paper, 21s.—Outlines of Ancient and Modern Sculpture, Part I. royal 8vo. 14s.—Abrecht's Divine Emblems, after Quairies, 12mo. 4s.—Goethe's Faust, translated in English Verse, royal 8vo. 12mo. 6d.—Dictionnaire Rétrograde, 16v. 12mo. 6d.—India Prints, 21s.—Dellile's Répertoire Littéraire, 2d edit. 12mo. 6d.—First Report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners, 8vo. 5s.—Dr. Philip on the Vital Functions, 4th edit. 8vo. 12s.—The Metropolitan Pulpit ; or, Sketches of Popular Preachers, by the Author of "Random Recollections," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Banished ; a Swabian Historical Tale, edited by J. Morier, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Alison's History of Europe during the French Revolution, Vol. VII. 8vo. 15s.—Hamblin in Bithynia ; a Play, by H. G. Knight, M.P. fcap. 5s.—Selections from the Works of Rev. R. Herrick, by C. Short, fcap. 5s.—The Agamemnon of *Eschylus*, with Notes, by the Rev. T. W. Peile, 8vo. 12s.—Rambles in the South of Ireland, by Lady Chatterton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 39 to 37	29°47 to 29°91
Friday .. 5	... 32 ... 38	29°73 ... 29°83
Saturday .. 6	... 30 ... 41	30°03 ... 30°22
Sunday .. 7	... 24 ... 47	30°26 ... 30°28
Monday .. 8	... 28 ... 39	30°24 ... 30°22
Tuesday .. 9	... 28 ... 43	30°23 ... 30°29
Wednesday 10	... 35 ... 49	30°32 ... 30°35

Wind, N.E.

Except the 6th, 7th, and 10th, generally cloudy ; snow on the 4th ; snow in the morning, and rain in the afternoon and evening of the 5th, and snow on the 8th and following day.

Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 11	From 29 to 49	30°42 .. 30°45
Friday .. 12	... 30 ... 47	30°20 .. 30°17
Saturday .. 13	... 40 ... 51	30°17 stationary
Sunday .. 14	... 41 ... 54	30°15 .. 30°13
Monday .. 15	... 42 ... 53	30°07 .. 29°94
Tuesday .. 16	... 40 ... 57	29°78 .. 29°57
Wednesday 17	... 42.5 .. 49	29°34 .. 29°44

Winds, N.E. and S.W.

Except the 11th and 16th, cloudy ; rain fell on the 12th and 17th.

Rain fallen, .0125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lecturer on the remedial agencies of the mind forgot to tell us where.

ERRATUM.—In our last, page 233, col. 2, line 10 from bottom, for "sucking," read "sinking."

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.**BRITISH INSTITUTION,**
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The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

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THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, will open on Monday, 29th instant. Open each Day from Nine till Dusk. Admittance 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is now open, at their Gallery, 33 Pall Mall, from Nine till dusk.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

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See Literary Gazette of 24 June, 1828, and 30th of March 1829, for opinions on this subject. Prospectuses containing testimonials of cures, during years, may be procured gratuitously at the above address.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.
JUBILEE FESTIVAL.**THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY** will be celebrated by the Friends of this Institution on Wednesday, the 8th of April, at the Royal Exchange, Grosvenor's Hall, when his Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE will take the chair, and be supported by the following

STEWARDS.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Laman Blanchard, Esq.
K.G., Benj. C. Cabell, Esq. F.R.S.
Most Noble the Marquess of Nor- W.H. Chaloner, Esq.
maby, V.P. John G. Chapman, Esq.
Right Hon. the Earl of Eldon T. Crampton, Esq. F.S.A.
Right Hon. the Earl of Ripon R. Fisher, Esq.
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Major Bevan James Walsh, F.S.A.
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Robert Bouverie, Esq. George Woodfall, Esq. F.S.A.
Robert Barnes, Esq. M. Young, Esq.

Tickets, 2s. each, may be had of the Secretary, at the Society's Chambers, 4 Lincoln's Inn Fields; or the Stewards, at Mr. Cuff, Freemasons' Tavern.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—The General Anniversary Meeting of the Society, for the election of Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, for the ensuing Year, and for other business, will be held at the Society's House, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, on Thursday, the 25th inst. The Chair is to be taken at 3 o'clock.

RICHARD CARTERMOLE, Sec.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—MR. BROSTER continuing giving Instructions in his System for rendering Impediments of Speech, and of rendering the Voice fit for power in Public Speaking or Reading, free from exhaustion, &c. receiving only Two Cases at one time, in his Residence, Ivy Lodge, Cowes, Isle of Wight.**ENVELOPES, best Quality, various Sizes.**
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